

## IN AMUSEMENT LINES

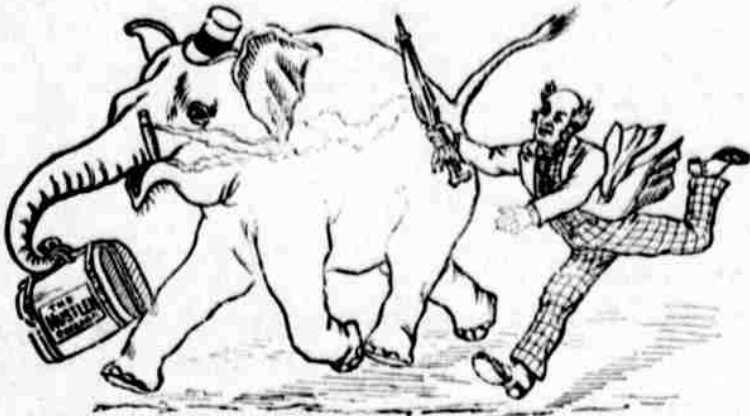
Frank Daniels had a fairly good house last Saturday night at the Lansing. His "Little Puck" is in the main unchanged.

The sacred concert given by the Nebraska state band Sunday night was one of the most enjoyable musical events of the season. It was thoroughly appreciated by a large and cultured audience. Sacred and classical masterpieces were most impressively rendered. Every number on the program was encored. The second concert will be given tomorrow night.

Felix Morris and his splendid company gave a particularly artistic performance at the Lansing Monday night, presenting "The Old Musician" and "The Major." Mr. Morris is a talented

Among the principals—each having been chosen with special reference to the characters to be impersonated, are Jerome Sykes, Henry W. Dodd and James Nickolds, comedians; Edward Wentworth, Ross David and Charles Landie, tenors; Edwin Isham and Frank Bills, baritones; Ricardo Ricci and Louis Casavant, basses; Fatimah Diard, Agnes Delapote and Ethel Balch, sopranos; Mary Palmer, Grace Reals and Agnes Stone, contraltos. The orchestra is under the direction of Professor J. A. Robertson.

That the charms of farce comedy are as potent as ever is strongly attested by the continued enthusiastic success of "The Hustler," which will appear here very soon with all its funny scenes, happy incidents, tuneful music, pretty girls and talented comedians. Local theatre-goers have a pronounced penchant for musical farce and in the reconstructed and rejuvenated "Hustler" their tastes will undoubtedly be



"THE HUSTLER."

actor, and he was delightfully entertaining in his two roles.

"Hoss and Hoss" was the attraction at the Lansing Tuesday, and on Wednesday "The Fast Mail," one of the best plays of its class, was given.

Carl Gardner presented "The Prize Winner" Thursday night to a small house.

## Coming Attractions.

Among the wonderful scenic effects produced in Davis' grand spectacular production of Uncle Tom's Cabin at the Lansing matinee and night Saturday November 11 painted by Hosmon & Landis from authentic designs is the gorgeous apotheosis, and the last scene, The Ascent of Lya to the Realm of Bliss, Borne by Angels—The Pearly Gates and Stairway to the Home Beyond the Skies—The Ohio River in Mid-winter by Moonlight—A Southern Paradise at Sunset—Allegorical Scenes, Typical of the Birth of Liberty and Blessing of Little Children—The Weird Rocky Pass—The Realistic Cotton Plantation, all of which are positively the most magnificent display of scenic art and mechanical effects ever witnessed. This is the first time that every scene has been produced in this great play.

An event of unusual importance in amusement affairs is the appearance at the Lansing theatre Monday, November 13, of Barnabee, Karl & MacDonald's Robin Hood opera company. This is one of the largest and strongest musical organizations now before the public, and its visit to this city is of real artistic importance. It is an established fact that Barnabee, Karl & MacDonald have not in all their public career been identified with anything but the highest class of opera productions. Absolute superiority has been their guiding motto and a strict adherence to this principle has resulted in making them prominent in American light opera presentation. Their "Robin Hood" company is an exemplification of their business methods. It embraces sixty artists chosen by Barnabee, Karl & MacDonald from the wide field of American talent. There is a double cast of principals, for artists should not be over-marked if their best efforts are always required. There is a superb chorus of thirty-five fine voices, and there is an operative orchestra to bring out the full beauties of the instrumental score. Also there is every detail of stage investiture, a full car-load of special scenery, costumes, properties, etc., being carried and used in every town visited. This is the way Barnabee, Karl & MacDonald do things, and it is an explanation of the fact that these gentlemen are so successful.

Everybody who knows anything of musical or amusement affairs knows that "Robin Hood" is the greatest comic opera success of recent times. It has every element of popularity—abundant comedy, picturesque scenes, attractive castings, and the most tuneful music ever put into opera comique in America. Its songs are sung in every town of the union, both in private and public, and now after three seasons of unexampled popularity it is still growing in public favor. Were it not absolutely controlled by Barnabee, Karl & MacDonald so that no other manager can produce it, there is no doubt it would be played by scores of companies all over the country as "The Mikado" and "Pinafore" when they were new and free to any producer. But "Robin Hood" is only to be seen by the Barnabee, Karl & MacDonald forces, and its presentation here is, therefore, an event.

gratified to the fullest extent. The play is a conglomeration of comedy, music and high-class specialties. While the piece contains little that can be dignified by the name of "plot," yet it possesses an interesting, compact little story, some skillful drawn characters and a super abundance of "go." That breezy, magnetic son of Erin, John Kernell, enacts the leading role—Con McFadden, the hustler. He has a proclivity for concocting schemes whereby he will make millions for himself and friends. His money-making devices are marvelous productions of the imagination, before which the wild, extravagant schemes of Colonel Mulberry Sellers pale, wither and fade into "innocuous desuetude." McFadden's ubiquitous assistant (who is always "in it") is a sportive and speculative German who rejoices in the foamy cognomen of Anheuser Busch, and is reputed to be worth anywhere from \$2,000,000 to \$800,000. This character is portrayed to the life by Emil Heusel, the noted Teutonic comedian. Another bit of clever character sketching is that of Anna Danta, proprietress of the Combridge Flats, where McFadden and Busch have apartments. Gus Mills—undoubtedly the most natural delineator of eccentric female roles known on the stage—appears as the love-lorn boarding-house mistress and in the character has made the hit of his career. All in all a radiant feast of merriment is probably in store for theatre-goers hereabouts at the Lansing theatre next Tuesday night November 14. Seats on sale Saturday morning.

Clara Morris will present "Camille" at the Lansing theatre Thursday, November 23. Unusual care has been taken in this season's production of the great play, and Miss Morris is everywhere receiving fresh encomiums on her work in "Camille."

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## ONWARD.

Sometimes when the growing darkness, At the close of day, To the stress of daily labor Brings a moment's stay.

All at once the mind will wander Back to other years, See as in a panorama, Youthful hopes and fears.

Once again upon the threshold Of our life we stand And discern the future glowing Like the promised land.

And the hopes of early manhood Putting forth their leaf, Green as are the leaves in springtime, And their life as brief.

With a pang do we remember That we meant to be In the battle-field a hero, Crowned with victory;

But, discredited and beaten Have been forced to yield, Or at best are barely able Still to keep the field.

On our brow no crown of laurel Tells of victory won; Not for us the song of triumph, When the day is done.

Other men have reaped the harvest That we thought to reap; Other men have gained the summit Of the mountain steep.

And our hearts are bowed with sorrow, Gazing on that scene, For a moment as we picture All that might have been.

For a moment! Then our manhood Puts the sorrow by, Crushes down again the heart throbs, Quells the rising sigh.

And once more we set our faces Sternly toward the front, Brace again our nerves and sinews For the battle's brunt.

Onward! With success or failure As we onward plod, Ours to do our duty nobly, All life's journey through.

And, although success would cheer us As we onward plod, We can bear the doom of failure, By the help of God.

—Good Words.

## IN SOBER ROBES.

There she was, untidy as usual, lounging on the steps of West House, with her plump hands folded in her lap, her cap strings undone, her cape rakishly awry, her gray hair shamelessly rumpled. It was 7 o'clock, and the lowering sun had tinged the western sky with an edge of faded brown. Frogs were calling, and a faint, intermittent tinkle of cowbells stole over the rolling pasture lands beyond the Shaker village.

Big and barren in the silvery half dusk the Shaker dwellings rose upon a background of pale skies and green fields. Everything looked stolid and blank. The meeting house, austere plain, the sturdy houses, shops and barns, the very flower beds in the yard of West House, suggested an undeviating rigor of aim. And in the midst of it all, a very incarnation of cheerful laxity, sat Sister Huldah, with her plump, unbecoming figure and broad, babyish old face.

Behind her a long vista of hallway ran straight and smooth through the center of West House. Now and then a woman in Shaker garb, plain and prim, went in staid steps across the painted floor to the sitting room at the farther end of the passage. It was the hour of the evening gathering, but old Huldah, squatting comfortably on the back door step, had forgotten about everything except the tranquil aspects of the twilight hours.

A man with longish silver hair under his flat hat came up the path. "Good evening to you, sister," he said in a curiously soft, womanish voice. "You're not overlooking the hour of gathering, are you? Our new eldersess is particular about having the family prompt." His accent was one of kindly warning, and Huldah started.

"Law, well!" she sighed. "I let it slip my mind, so I did! 'Tain't easy for me to get into new ways of doing, Bro' Henry. We never heard of no gathering hour in Eldersess Jane's time. I ain't passing a word agin Eldersess Lucia. She aims to do right, but she's from up no'th, and she's young and upheaded, and—well, I reckon it's fer the best, but I ain't felt to home here since Jane died."

"She was a Kentucky woman, so she was, and she understood how 't a person might hev the love of Ann in 'em and yit disremember to tie their cap strings. No, Bro' Henry. I know 't the new eldersess hev my good at heart. I know I'm keener to my own ondoin, but I jest can't seem to git ahead of them cap strings! Look like I was born thrifless. I was always a-breaking things and tearing my clo'es and gittin into mud holes as a child, and being a Shaker fer 40 years ain't took it out'n my blood." She sighed deeply, but the expression on her mild face was one of genial resignation rather than hopeless grief.

Brother Henry sighed too. The new eldersess, though a holy woman engaged in laying great bases for eternity, had short shrift for human weaknesses. "She has great gifts," mournfully conceded the old man. He went up the steps with the stiff accuracy of a pair of compasses and entered the house.

A tall, slight young woman was coming down the hall. Her very shadow on the yellow floor had a look of severity. She was young, with a pale, beautiful face. The thin lines of her lips held something that was in harmony with the cold glance of her dark eyes, and she walked with a certain determined gait, as if each step were set to an exact measurement. She advanced to the door and looked out on the quiet garden, the fading sky, the rising stars and the slouching old figure on the steps. "Sister Huldah," she said.

Huldah's shoulders twitched. She lumbered hastily to her feet.

"I was jest laying off to come in," she advanced in a conciliating tone as she stood, broad and awkward, fumbling at her cap strings. "Look like I kind of lost myself a-setting here listening at the fraags holler. Down in Lincoln county, where I was raised, the fraags they used to start in at a night!"

"Huldah," remarked the eldersess coldly, "there are cherry stains on your hands, and your skirt has a zigzag rent

in the side breadth. Your hair is in a sad state. It is painful to me to keep speaking to you about your careless habits. You are very remiss. The youth of this house do not find you a good example. Nothing that you do is well done." She paused, and then added, "I fear that it will be my duty, unless you mend your ways, to reprimand you publicly before the assembled family."

Huldah looked amiably remorseful. "I know I ain't worthy of my high calling as a follower of Ann," she said.

"No, Huldah, you are not," agreed the other, a little nettled at this easy contrition. "Ordinary reproof does not reach you. But if it is necessary I shall resort to other means." She regarded with level eyes the figure before her. "I shall send you away," she said. "I shall send you permanently to a northern community." There was no particular menace in Lucia's voice. She stood with her hands folded, looking far away toward the darkening horizon. "I shall feel it my duty," she resumed, and then very suddenly she stopped.

A look of vague horror had flashed into old Huldah's eyes. She stared blankly at the slight, stern figure in the doorway. "You'd might as well kill me," she panted, stretching out a shivering hand. "I'd as lief die as go out'n Kentucky. I was born and raised here. I run barefoot through its grass and waded in its creeks and climbed around its hills. I—I couldn't dror breath no other place. My folks is molgering onder Kentucky sod, and my own bones'd never lay still with any other sile atop of 'em. Oh, eldersess! You—you ain't no human nature in you! You're hard as the flints in them hills yonder."

Lucia drew herself up. She was a little amazed at Huldah's heat of utterance, for in the eldersess's three months of ministration in West House the old sister had never before exhibited anything like so much feeling. Lucia, after her first sense of surprise, was conscious of being rather pleased to have struck thus by chance upon a means of holding her thrifless sister in check.

"I have the welfare of the family at heart," she said. "Unless I see some change in you, Huldah, I shall send you next week to Ohio with Deacon Henry when he returns to his village."

Huldah gave a strange little laugh.

"Change!" she cried out. "Kin them critters as hee hoo's larn to fly? I'd quit being lazy and triffin if I knowed how. But I came of easy gion stock. I got shifless blood in me, I reckon. But I rather die in Kentucky than live in Ohio."

She lumbered heavily up the steps, and the young eldersess watched her pass the house.

Lucia had a feeling of uncertainty. She had come to this village from a well ordered settlement in another region, and she cherished a praiseworthy design of lifting the Kentucky community to a level with more austere conducted settlements. Her predecessor, Eldersess Jane, had tempered justice with more mercy than Lucia believed well, and under her rule West House had worn a cheerful air of home and creature comforts.

There were red curtains in the sitting room windows and crochet tidies on the sitting room chairs. These worldly decorations Lucia at once removed as abominations conducive to low, fleshly ideals. She had a rigorous conception of the millennial idea, had Eldersess Lucia, and the mild old Shakers of West House found themselves suddenly and violently elevated to a higher and sadder life.

"We will proceed with our doctrinal talk," said Lucia, entering the sitting room after her rebuke to Huldah. "Sister Huldah has gone to her room. We will excuse her tonight."

The next morning, however, she reported this leniency, for when the family filed in to breakfast at 6 o'clock Huldah was not in line, and the eldersess had a vision of her lying comfortably abed, forgetful of precepts and warnings. She prepared to be very stern with the irresponsible old soul, but when she went up stairs to pour incensed admonition upon Huldah's head, she discovered the surprising fact that Huldah was not in her little room. The place looked tidy with its high bed, scrap of a stove and dimity sash shade. But Huldah seemed to have gone, and when the eldersess looked she found that Huldah's two print frocks and linsey petticoats and long Shaker bonnet were also gone.

Lucia had a sensation of unpleasantness. It did not sit well with her conscience to think that she had driven the old sister away. She sought to convey some assurance to Huldah, but no one seemed able to suggest, as to her whereabouts, anything more definite than that she had likely gone to "her kin down yender in Lincoln." Lucia accepted with a sense of self reproof the theory that Huldah had gone out into the world in a mood of resentment. Others had left the community in various moods of revolt against the new eldersess's high handed methods. Commonly they came back properly subdued by the coldness of the world. Nt doubt Huldah would also return, and when she did so, Lucia determined upon treating her a little less sternly.

But though she fixed upon this considerate usage she found no chance for practicing it, for weeks passed on, and no word came of old Huldah. Summer doffed its green garments for coats of russet. In West House yard the cherry trees spread against the paling skies, and up the Shaker roads and around the stolid houses wintry winds swept cold and snow came early that year, folding in white the trim garden spaces. A cold winter set in. The preserving kitchens were shut and deserted, and the Shaker women, gathering of afternoons about their little heart shaped stoves, sewed carpet rags and wove mats and guilelessly stuffed emery bags with thistle-down.

They sat at their tasks more quietly than had been their wont under the placid regime of Eldersess Jane. Gossip was frowned on by the new eldersess, who, by way of furnishing her household light entertainment, read to them while they worked from moldy records of the spiritual experiences of early followers of Ann Lee.

One day in January, while they sat

and listened, a knock sounded at the sitting room door. A lank fellow, bundled in a wool scarf, stood on the threshold.

"Howdy," he said, amiably nodding at Lucia, who looked up with calm, dark eyes and smooth, soft lips which silently questioned the intruder.

"You're the new eldersess, I reckon," premised the man. "I used to know Sister Jane right well. I'm the tollgate man. I was jest goin on to Harrodsburg, and I laid off to stop in and tell you some one's livin in the old log house down on the river. I knowed it was Shaker property, and I jedged you'd want to know. M' wife she see smoke comin from the chimney, and she shed me climb up the bank to see who was living there. I couldn't raise no one. But m' wife she says she see a woman sneak throo the bushes up there with a passel of fagots. I didn't know but you'd want to hear if any one was livin in one of your houses and a-stealin your timber. Me and m' wife we're always glad to do the Shakers a good turn."

One of the Shaker women uttered an exclamation: "Law mel who ever hee to lie in that old crib must be poorly off! It ain't fit for firewood and half a mile from a livin critter! I wonder who—Why, law mel! It couldn't be old Huldah!" Lucia started. "She went to her people," she said sharply. And then, suddenly enough, she said to the tollgate man: "Will you take me to the place? Some one there may need help. Sister Rose, tell Abram to hitch up."

The spring wagon, however, could go only the less part of the way. At the turn to the ferry the tollgate man tied and blanketed the horse. Then he proceeded up a rocky break in the cliff side, and Lucia toiled after him through murmuring pines and between jagged stones, which nibbled hungrily through their slight covering of snow.

In the midst of leafless trees an old house presently disclosed a black and tumbling roof. At one side of the bleached log walls a massive chimney rose in a broken, hoary heap. Faintly from its mouth came a dying breath of smoke, but there was no other sign of occupancy, not even so much as a footprint in the sleet snow about the door.

Lucia laid her knuckles against the rude panels. There was no response. The single window was boarded up, but as Lucia peered through a crack in the planks she caught a glimpse of a garment hanging across the panes—a garment of brown print at the pattern of which her heart twitched.

"Try the door," she said breathlessly. "Push it in!" There was a crack and a sharp cry as the tollgate man set his shoulder against the rotting panels. He caught himself by the jamb and stood peering in. It was nearly dark in the bare, puncheon floored room, except that now and then a tongue of flame thrust itself from a smoldering handful of twigs on the hearth. Against the farthest wall a woman crouched, a woman who at sight of Lucia struck out two bony hands and moaned and gazed blankly.

"Don't touch me," she said hoarsely. "I won't go! I won't! I've hid away here and prayed you'd never find me!" "Huldah!" broke in the eldersess passionately. "don't look at me so! I've come to take you home, Huldah—home to West House. Listen, Huldah! I've been hard and cruel, but I'll never pain you again."

The old woman seemed not to hear. She gazed round at the cracked walls, the pallet of brush, the darkened window. "I ain't no trouble to no one," she muttered. "I've starved and froze and all. I've heard the owls hoot at night and ben skeered, and I ben lonesome and sick, but I was home, and I could 'a' gone on if Ann would 'a' heard my prayers. But she ain't listened. She's turned agin me. She give me into your hand."

Lucia had cast herself on the rough floor and was clasping Huldah's knees. "You are killing me, Huldah," she wept. "I have sinned against you and against all those whose lives I have made cold and hard. I meant to do right, but I was vain and wicked. Huldah! Huldah! do not forgive me. I do not ask it. I do not deserve it. Only come home with me and let me serve you as a daughter who has erred may serve the mother who pities her."

The tollgate man rubbed his nose with the end of his red scarf and wheeled away. Huldah stood gazing confusedly down on the kneeling slender figure, with its wringing hands and beautiful pale face and streaming eyes.

"Be you'n a-cryin?" she stammered. "I loved you was a flint. And kneeling to mel! Eldersess Lucia—don't ye, don't ye! Sit up, Eldersess Lucia!" But Lucia clasped her the closer.

"Not till you promise to come with me," she sobbed. "Not till you promise not to hate me as I deserve."

Huldah drew a quick breath. Her hand trembled down upon the young woman's black, soft hair. "Hate you?" she breathed. "Why, I'll go—now—wherever you take me—or send me!"—Harper's Bazar.

## Lived Off His Sister.

Not long ago a young man whose sole business, apparently, is to wear fine clothes and to enjoy life generally was a witness in a lawsuit at a town not many miles from Buffalo. When, in putting the preliminary questions, the attorney asked him what was his occupation, the witness was visibly embarrassed.

"Come, come, what is your business?" repeated the lawyer impatiently.

"I—I—er—I—er—" stammered the young man, blushing painfully; "I—er—that is, my sister is a dressmaker."—Buffalo Express.

## An Erroneous Supposition.

During the Nez Perce war of 1877 two soldiers were pursued by savages and had to fly for their lives. One of the soldiers was better mounted than his companion and soon was several hundred yards in the lead. Looking back, he perceived that the enemy was getting dangerously near, so he shouted: "Come on; they're right after us!" The man in the rear ironically replied: "You don't think I'm trying to throw this race, do you?"—Spokane Outburst.



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